



SIDEWALKS

Honolulu has many advantages that in the effete cities of the mainland are conspicuous by their absence. One especially artistic feature is the beautiful stretch of grading land along the car tracks on King street from Victoria to Aloha lane. I saw a frugal Oriental cut half a bag of grass out there one morning recently and he did not charge the supervisors two dollars a day for his services either.

Likewise, the effete cities of the mainland possess some advantages conspicuous for their absence in Honolulu. Theoretically anybody that is anybody in this town owns, rents, borrows, or otherwise acquires, or patronizes, an automobile, a street-car, or some similar wheeled vehicle. Wheeled vehicles usually go in the street. Hence and therefore roads are all that people talk about, think about, or clamor for.

Now, strange as it may seem to the motor-car push there are some forty or fifty thousand people in this village who actually walk—walk! Just think of it! Walk!

Where do the walkers walk? On the sidewalk? Not on your life. To be an acrobat is a profession, and it would take a particularly acrobatic acrobat with "Sherlock Holmes" instincts to detect sidewalks in the first place, or perambulate along the foot-path after he found it.

There are laws governing sidewalk construction, maintenance and use—perfectly good laws, absolutely new and unused. You will find them printed in the law books. But to find the sidewalk that match the laws in the law books, that is another matter. For the sake of tourists would it not be a good idea for the Trail and Mountain Club to plot, map and guide-book our Honolulu sidewalks? Tramping parties would find much healthy exercise, enjoyment and excitement in a sidewalk excursion past the Young Hotel premises on Alakea street, or along Vineyard street, west of Nuuanu, or down lower Fort, or along any one of the 752 named streets, alleys, lanes, avenues and places that decorate the map. If Honolulu roads are a dream of discomfort to auto owners, Honolulu sidewalks are a nightmare to pedestrians. Both are paved with the stuff that dreams are made of, which is mostly mud.

Another thing, the average householder and shopowner looks on the sidewalk as his own private warehouse for the storage of property. This indictment rests against the best class of progressive business men equally with the Oriental whom one could hardly expect to know any better. Might I suggest that some of the energy and expenditure now spent on roads be diverted to sidewalk construction?

CANDIDATES, WHERE DO YOU STAND?

"Lost, strayed, or stolen, one valid and straightforward explanation of what I am going to do for the sugar industry when I am elected Delegate to Congress. Finner will please return to the undersigned. No reward offered and no questions asked."

The above notice represents the election sentiments of the following named estimable gentlemen.

L. L. McCandless, Perennial Candidate, Keeper of the Purse, and Wheel-horse of the Bourbons. He stands on a platform containing a sugar plank admittedly antagonistic to the main industry of Hawaii. What is he going to do about it?

Jonah K. Kalaniano'le, Master of Inactivity, Bachelor of Procrastination, and Doctor of Political Promises. He stands on a platform that represents the protection of American industries, but he says the sugar barons never treated him right. What is he going to do about it?

George R. Carter, Original Rooseveltian, Dyed-in-the-horns-Bull Moose; Descendant of Kings; Master of Horse. He stands on a platform that represents all the "isms and 'ologies of Progressivism. What is he going to do about it?

The voters of this Territory want to know, and have a right to know, between this day and the third of November, what each of these candidates intends to do for this Territory if a majority of the citizens choose him to represent Hawaii and Hawaiian industries at Washington, D. C., during the crucial years 1915 and 1916.

ANOTHER AJAX

It is always a good thing, when you can think of nothing else to rave about, to attack the press. If the press takes no notice of your attack, it is a sure and certain sign that you have the reporters and the editors buffaloed. If, on the other hand, the press takes the matter up, it gives you splendid advertising. So, when you run out of arguments in a political speech, fall back upon the sins of the newspapers and get a hand. If you note the jaymen yawning at your arguments in a court trial, take a fresh breath and wallop the press. It costs nothing; it means nothing; it hurts nothing, and it fills in time.

Attorney Lightfoot is the latest Ajax to defy the lightning. He demands a truthful press, which is going some for Lightfoot. He demands that the editors of Honolulu be sent to jail. He regrets that they are not in England, where they could be disciplined. Rather than allow his remarks to be lost, I give them here, in their polished entirety. He said:

"The Pacific Commercial Advertiser for the last few days, and the Hawaiian Star-Bulletin, of Honolulu, have been quoting and publishing articles expressing opinions of the evidence and its weight. In England or in any of the States of the Union, the editors of those papers would spend their time in jail, because, it would not be permitted in any other civilized community—but this is the only one.

"Everybody has to read the papers. The man who tells me that he never reads the newspapers will either be telling me that which is not true or he will be only telling me that he is a fool—because, everybody reads the newspapers; everybody has to read the newspapers and what you see in the papers.

"They say John Costa was the main witness for the defense and John Costa's testimony, in our opinion, confirms the story of the prosecution. It would not be allowed in any other civilized community, as it is. The editors of such papers, expressing such opinions, would be haled before the bar of justice and would be punished for contempt of court. But, unfortunately, here in this community, for one reason or another, the newspapers have gone on and gone on—and they are allowed to kill, and assassinate, the reputations of people and to comment upon the evidence before the court; and the court will instruct you that you must absolutely ignore those comments of the newspapers, those opinions expressed as to the weight and credibility of the witnesses' testimony, which you see in the newspaper. The court will instruct you, gentlemen of the jury, that—hard as it is for you to do, you must eliminate those matters from your consideration.

"I pray God the time will come when we shall have a decent

"THE FELLOW IN THE CELLARAGE"

I wonder whether Governor Pinkham really wants to take charge of the sugar planters' campaign in defense of the big industry, or whether his criticisms are just "by and large."

There is absolutely no reason that I know of why he should not jump right in and do all that he can, in the common cause, and for the common good. There are a lot of us who own no sugar stocks and have no direct or immediate interest in the plantations who are trying to help, during the time that belongs to the boss and before and after office hours.

Does the Governor want us to quit?

Interpreting the vague and specious third-person-singular language in which "Our Governor" always hints at things that he is going to do, or would like to try to do if the press of weighty matters of state would only allow him to commence to begin to accomplish something, I surmise that he would like to have everybody else aside from sugar lobby activities for the space of sixty days—and watch him smoke. This is the deduction that I make with the few brains that God gave me.

I may be all off, and on the wrong scent entirely.

That Waikuku speech aroused the gorge of a lot of the representative citizens gathered together in civic convention to discuss ways and means for promoting the common good of all the people and all the industries in Hawaii. His criticisms were so ill-judged and untimely. The Governor committed an anachronism by deliberately throwing into a peaceful gathering of "boosters" an argument that had no connection with, and no bearing on, the issue up for discussion.

One felt as Mr. Hamlet did with his daddy's ghost moving around most disconcertingly underfoot. Thuley:

"Ah, ha, boy! say 'st thou art thou there, Tru-penny! Come—you hear this fellow in the cellarage—consent to swear."

And then, again, "Hawaii was so offensive during 1913 I barred itself from the consideration it might have received"—which Hamlet replies: "Well said, old mole! canst work i' the earth so fast? A worthy pioneer!"

As the Honorable Lucius E. Pinkham often remarks "Neither public opinion nor his own judgment would permit the Governor to evade through oceans of adjectives and subterfuge phrases to find out whether the particular governor whose weighty opinions are being expressed is the governor of North Carolina, South Carolina, or Hawaii."

I would like to know what Governor Pinkham meant and what he wants the rest of us to do.

SOME REMARKS
HIGH PRIVATE
JONES

"Goin' back to the subject of them orders I was tellin' you about," said High Private Jones, "here's another one. I saw it myself, an' its on the dead level, see?"

"You know what a poor, homeless, lost, friendless sort of a gink a big John recruit travelin' on a transport is, don't you?" I thought you hadn't forgot the time you came over here. It ain't a bad when he's travelin' with his outfit, an' he's got a colored an' a captain an' a top sergeant to sort of 'look out an' see that he get to eat reg'lar, an' a place to sleep, an' anything else that's comin' to him. But when he's travelin' as a casual he ain't got a friend on the whole wide ocean, has he? No, you bet he ain't."

"You know how rotten miserable it is to stay aboard one o' them bloomin' tubs in harbor when she's coalin', don't you? Som' O's got a habit of lettin' half the gang ashore one day, an' the other half next day. Considerin' it generally takes two days to coal, that's a good way to give each gang a good dose of dirty air, black coal dust, an' that's the rottenest kind there is, unless you say it's this red stuff out here."

"Ain't no particular sense in doin' things that way, but the orders, and orders is orders. That's what you're in this war or, is to follow orders. Don't make any difference what kind of orders they are, so long as they're orders, an' don't ever forget that for a little minutes or you'll be three months payin' for it."

"Now, there's two kinds of orders, the kind that's got sense and the kind that hasn't. But they both go just the same. An' there's just as many kinds of newly appointed shavetails as there are orders, an' they both go just the same, too. Don't you forget that. An' if there's anything worse'n a new teniente issuin' or 'see to see how it feels, it's a new Scout teniente tryin' the same thing."

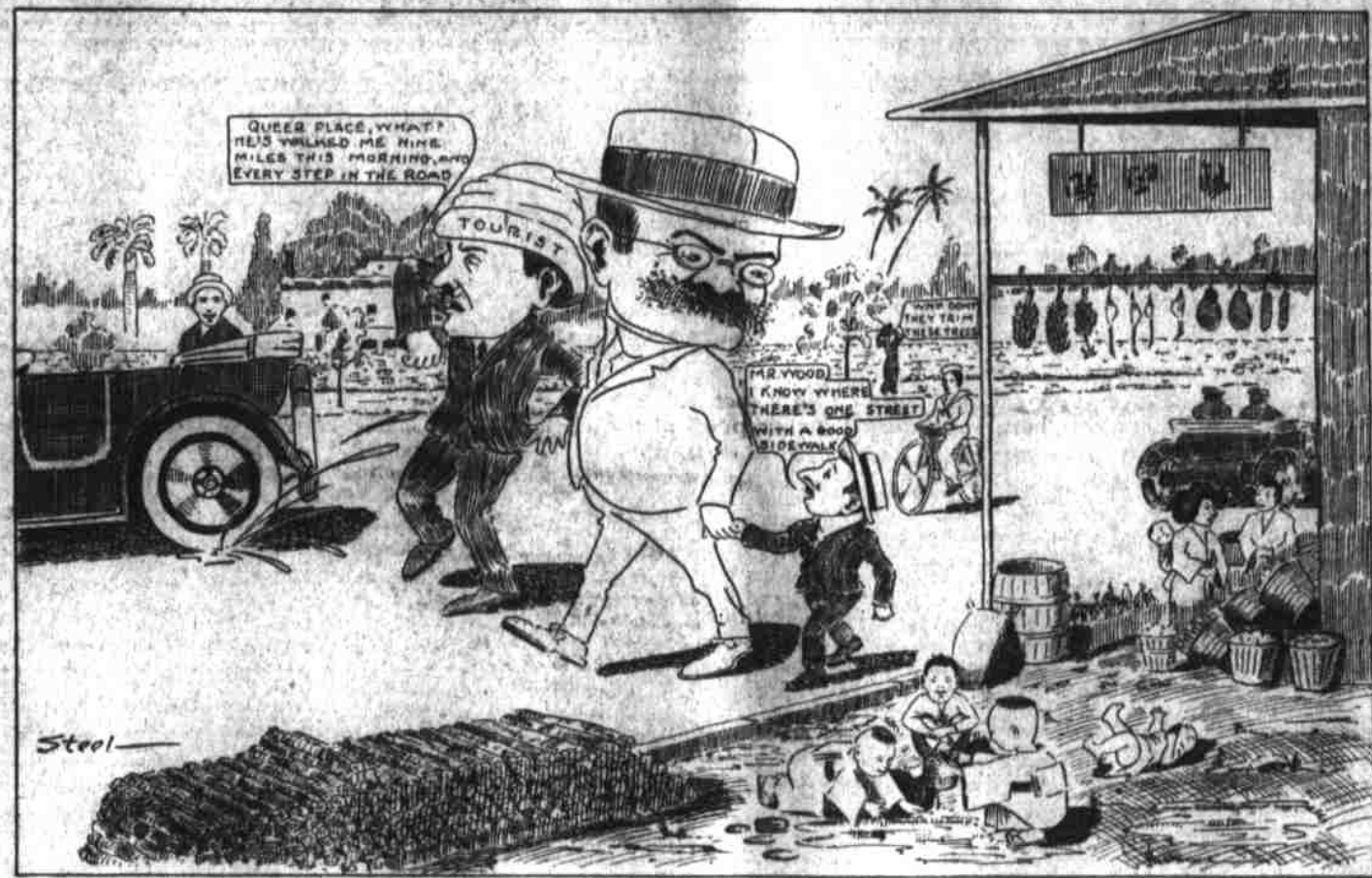
"Sheridan was in harbor the other day, carryin' a big bunch of Johns over to Manila. The bunch that stayed aboard must have been under orders. Nobody'd stay aboard while the ship was coalin', otherwise, would they? I guess not."

"Anyhow they was amusin' themselves by gettin' into im-provised bathin' suits an' jumpin' into the water. About forty went down through the port where the coal was comin' aboard. They had a gangplank runnin' down onto the coal barge, an' the fellows was goin' off the ships that way an' divin' from the barge. 'By the time the next guy got down on the barge an' started to dive off, the officer of the day spotted him. Big tall Scout teniente with a black mustache. Very imposin' he was too. 'He here, he yells at the poor John. 'How'd you get down there? 'He guy points to the gangplank an' tells him he came out that way. 'You go back,' says this here young field marshal, 'an' go off the ship the proper way.'"

"So the poor kid has to climb back into the coal hold, an' up through two decks, an' go down the main gangplank to the whar' in his bathin' suit an' out through the shed onto the street, an' dive into the water alongside the wharf. That was the proper way see. Show'n you what a fine thing orders is."

"Tell you some more about orders next time."

Seeing Honolulu--The "No Sidewalk" Town



FIRE PROTECTION ON WHEELS

Fighting the devil with fire is tactics recommended of old, but Andrew Adams evolved a much better scheme, according to the story that has reached me. He fights the devil with a flat car and a movable church. The devil, according to Mr. Adams, usually makes his headquarters behind the bar of the nearest saloon, and by chasing the saloon away, the plantation man figures, he keeps the devil on the jump.

Some time ago, when the idea first came to the Kahuku manager, an enterprising man had proposed to establish a saloon near Kahuku. Adams got word of it and grabbed his law books to find a way of blocking the game. Apparently there was no way. Then a great light came. No saloon could be established within throwing distance of a church, so Adams had a church built in the plantation carpenter shop, a neat little church with spire and pulpit, and he arranged for a series of sermons to be preached in it to make it the real thing in a tabernacle. The little church was erected near the railroad spur, but the day it was finished he had it jostled on to a flat car and transported close to the site of the proposed saloon, the only piece of land in the neighborhood not plantation controlled.

Here the church was set up and there was nothing doing thereafter in the saloon line. Mr. Adams then made it known that the church was not a permanent fixture of the landscape, but would be taken up by the roots and transplanted at any time it happened to become necessary to keep out another saloon. The perambulating church is pronounced a great success.

press in Honolulu—when we can take our morning paper and see the account of trials, just the account without any comments or remarks about the weight of evidence of this part or that part. "I had a most ridiculous exhibition of our newspapers last night and this morning. The Star-Bulletin came out and said that he witness Galt was called to corroborate what Mr. Thompson had said, and he corroborated it. Just imagine! Here is a witness called by the prosecution for the purpose of corroborating one of the defendant's witnesses! Did you ever hear such a thing? It just happened that the young man who was writing for the Star-Bulletin was not onto his job. Mr. Galt was fairer, and failed to corroborate what Mr. Thompson had said—though the writer of the Star-Bulletin came to the conclusion, and published, that he was called by the prosecution for the purpose of corroborating the story of Mr. Thompson. But, of course, the morning paper comes out and says that is all wrong—that he wasn't called at all for that purpose but that he was there for the purpose of disputing what Mr. Thompson had said—and he succeeded in disputing it—not in teaching."

"Now, the court will admonish you, gentlemen, and I, as a man, urge that you will try to put out of your minds any impression as to the weight or credibility of testimony which you have received from a reading of the morning and evening papers—not so much the last since we began to put on our defense, for I will say that they have been fairer to us than they were formerly."

Thes Dansants

Army officers in the vicinity of the city are invited to a series of the dansants.—News item.

Say! how do you pronounce it? Don't be cranky and denounce it—Come and make a stagger at it—help a feller make a guess!

Is it Irish, French, or Russian? Japanese or Dutch or Prossian? Is it German or Egyptian? Is it "these" or is it "these"?

To my erudite and simple notion it's a place of dreamy motion

Where you do a dainty little step and take a cup of tea—

Where the hobble skirts are hobbling and the wabbling ragers wabbling. In a way that wins approval up in swell society.

Say! it makes my pulses tingle; fairly sets my blood a-jingle, And I don't care what the blamed thing is, I'm goin' to take a chance—

Oh, a sense of sweet elation permeates the whole creation Since I've got an invitation to these dansants!

The colonel has detected that my drills are all neglected While I'm practicing the tango with a heavy barrack chair;

And he thinks it rather strange that I've quit the target range And am trying half a dozen ways of doing up my hair;

And the major rubs his eyes in a sort of mild surprise When I wear my white mess jacket every time I go to town;

And when common people greet me (or attempt to as they meet me) You should see the lofty dignity with which I turn 'em down!

Duty has become infernal—I just yell, "Can't do it, colonel!" As I wave a fleeting farewell with a hasty backward glance—

A defender of the nation must neglect his occupation When he gets an invitation to these dansants."

And on my next vacation when I strike my old location Where the fragrant geraniums bloom 'mid the gleaming alkali,

Won't my relatives be proud as they tell the common crowd That I've danced at foreign functions and been in the public eye?

And in old Snake River Valley when the gentle shepherds rally At a "hoedown" or a "shindig" or an ordinary dance,

I'll be standing on the side swelling up with honest pride In the thought that I could show 'em all the latest thing from France.

And as they come down the middle to the scraping of a fiddle And the cowhide boots are pounding I'll just give a careless glance

And remark with disapproval (though it may cause my removal) That ain't the way they do it at the these dansants."

Small Talks

CHARLES KURBA, Bohemian Consul to Honolulu.—We have not yet begun to fight.

L. M. WHITEHOUSE.—There is likely to be some hair pulled before this campaign is over.

W. W. BRACKETT.—Why not start that work of repairing Iretania street out in the Mollili district. It surely needs fixing.

ED TOWSE.—Engineer Wall's oil and sand treatment of Kai-muki macadamized roads is proving the best thing of the kind so far undertaken.

GEORGE GERASIMOS.—I do not understand this war news. One time I hear that Wilhelm has the measles. The next time they say that Serbia is pau.

I. M. STAINBACK.—There are as many interesting questions in the primary law which may be tested in the court as there are in the liquor license law.

W. P. FENNEL, Liquor License Inspector.—It's not part of my duty to enforce the prize-fight law at Waikiki Inn. I am barged with other things.

TOMMY TREADWAY.—Where are all those people who promised to come to the ball park when I said I would board up the grandstand and keep the sun out?

ROBERT W. BRECKONS.—Even if I was quoted as being out of politics, I was to be seen at the Republican rally last night, hearing and speaking for Republicanism.

J. W. CALDWELL.—I am proud of the job I did on the diamond at Mollili Field and the big fellows will certainly have a fast old to show us what they can do in the way of baseball.

A. J. CASTLE.—I am disappointed in not having won the pennant of the Oahu League yesterday but what is the use of complaining. I am not the only manager who is losing ball games.

CAITAIN CAUSTENS, Steamship Pilot.—The reason the Allies have not succeeded in getting around the German right wing is that they ran out of frog's legs. I am told that Hilo could supply the demand.

J. H. FISHER.—Twenty-six years ago two major league teams passed through Honolulu led by A. G. Spalding but were prevented from playing on account of the law. In December we hope to see the big fellows after all this waiting.

"HEINE" HEYDENRICH.—War news is war news, but believe me I don't believe everything I see in the papers. Although was born in Germany, I took out my first papers in St. Louis, Missouri. In other words I am from Missouri and I want to be down.

SUPERVISOR PACHECO.—Some of the residents of the fifth district want to know why the Asylum road is not being improved, while Dowsett lane, Peterson lane, Pua lane, and other little by-ways come in for repairs. That's easy. They are all Republicans long Asylum road.

JAMES W. ROBERTSON.—Harry Lauder tried to establish a precedent on the waterfront when he offered such a large sum as one of the customs inspectors as a tip for seeing his trunk. Imagine it took great will power to refrain from accepting so much money.

HIRAM SNODGRASS.—By Heck! times ought to be good in Honolulu this year. I saw grass growing between the rails of your street car tracks on King street while looking at the beauties of this wonderful and progressive city and I reckon you have had enough rain this summer to warrant good crops.

O. L. SORENSON.—Polo ponies are handled and bitted at the Barker ranch before being offered for sale. They are ridden after he half to accustom them to the use of the mallet and to beingumped and jostled in a crush without flinching. The training begins, of course, after they are purchased by the players. It takes at least a year to train a good pony. A poor rider can spoil a horse in fifteen minutes.

CHARLES R. FORBES.—I am in favor of concrete and steel construction for all wharves. The first cost is enormous but in the long run the Territory would save money and make money by doing things right in the first place. With concrete piling and decking on all wharves the government would be saved the constant outlay for repairs and replacements that foot up a very large sum in the course of a year.

T. M. CHURCH.—If the business people of this community only ad saved enough to put Charles R. Forbes in as city manager, at the end of two years there would not be one citizen or taxpayer who would vote to go back to the present slipshod wasteful system of misgovernment. It requires a man who has both executive ability and executive ability to handle any properly. Forbes has both qualities, and he does more work than any other man in the Territory has had since I have been.

Parcels That Go Astray

Wonderful beyond belief is the collection of articles which the postoffice department can make within a year from the mail that isn't delivered because of bad addresses. Through the benevolent agency of the parcel post the department has this year exceeded all records, and upon the shelves of the historic dead letter file are a series of packages containing everything from Bibles to bassoons.

All of these articles were sent to the wrong address. Their original packages were stamped and restamped until the paper was worn out. They have such announcements, "Not at that address, try so and so," "Try the next county."

In fact, there are more suggestions as to different things to try than you would find in the office of a patent medicine vendor. For the sake of convenience, the officials of the dead letter office have lumped certain articles together in large packages. Thus one assess a package of handkerchiefs and runs into a bright young assortment of brass castings. Or, turning from a particularly melancholy collection of books, he runs smack into a collection of toys that might have come right out of the bag of Santa Claus.

Think of the joy of King Solomon or good old Brigham Young if they had lived in these days and times and had given to them the contents of the dead letter office. There is a single package that contains 241 women's aprons, with 51 assorted garments, which he gay young fappers of these parlous times consider obsolete.

Then there are 176 pairs of hose bundled together.

Even the most pessimistic sufferer from hay fever cheers up when he goes by the handkerchief department of the dead letter file. There is a single bundle of 1149 initialed and uninitialed handkerchiefs reposing near him, which is about the number that a hay fever patient uses during a twenty-four-hour day.

If the postoffice department decided to give away its toys it could present one—and probably more—to every boy and girl in the city of Washington. They are in abundance. There are everywhere—dolls and elephants, and little carts and dishes, and all the other things that are reminiscent of Christmas time.

Sixty-two aviators in the United States are wondering where those aviation caps are that they were told about in a letter, but which they never received. The caps are in the dead letter office with some automobile hoods.

It is astonishing how many motorcyclists must have broken down in the road and written for help during the last year. In the dead letter office there repose four speedometers, seventeen tires, twenty pairs of goggles and 138 parts of machinery—the kind of urniture which one always finds around the greasy and perspiring man who has stopped his machine twenty miles from anywhere on a hot Sunday afternoon.

And the dead letter office must ring at night with the disappointed cries of many fishermen. It has received 1843 fish hooks and 595 pieces of fishing tackle. The only thing the dead letter file hasn't got is the fisherman's alibi.

Yet the office has done some good. It corralled during the past year 573 miscellaneous musical instruments and 6846 talking machine needles. That meant that there are about 600 disappointed musicians in the United States; but think of the several hundred thousand persons who would have had to listen to them if the instruments had arrived safely.

From musical instruments to hair switches is nothing for the dead letter office. They have ninety-eight switches of hair and sixty-two accessories stored away. This is nearly equal, in bulk, to the ton of switches raised by the Populist party in Kansas during the Bryan campaign of 1896.

A few other side lines in the dead letter office are awls, bicycle tires, shotguns, horse blankets and picture postal cards to the number of about 70,000. There are also brass castings and parts whose aggregate weight is estimated at two and a half tons.—Philadelphia Record.